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the most successful by an experience of a quarter of a century, and now thinks worthy to be presented to the public. Our illustrations of his method, though taken from his earlier chapters, are sufficiently characteristic of the whole work, and make it unnecessary for us to say more.

3. — *Personal Reminiscences of the Life and Times of GARDINER SPRING, Pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, in the City of New York.* New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1866. 2 vols. 12mo.

WITH the name of the Rev. Dr. Spring, as a prominent clergyman in the city of New York, the public has long been familiar. Few need be told that he is a man of decided ability and of great industry, that he has ever been strenuous in the assertion and defence of his Calvinistic faith, and that, for a full half-century, he was the active, influential pastor of the same people. This venerable man, now more than eighty years old, has just put out an autobiography. Released by age from the duty of composing homilies, the habit and love of work have driven him into memoir-writing. He *must* be doing something, and hence the "Life and Times of Gardiner Spring."

There is much in this work, however, which belongs strictly neither to the "Life" nor the "Times,"—a deal of matter equally irrelevant and cumbrous. For the benefit of those whose time is precious and whose patience is limited, we will attempt a reduction to miniature form of this life-size portrait, with its extensive background and numerous side-figures.

Gardiner Spring was born (1784) at Newburyport in Massachusetts. Samuel Spring, his father, was a Congregational minister,—a man of firm purpose and unbending will,—one of the last specimens of the stern old Puritan clergyman. He had been the chum of James Madison at Nassau Hall, and he was Colonel Burr's chaplain on that winter expedition through the woods of Maine which ended so disastrously under the walls of Quebec. We have here two letters from the college classmate. One of these, written after Madison became President, and in answer to Spring, indicates that the latter was in those days what we now call a Copperhead, while his illustrious Southern friend was strictly Union and loyal. This letter of President Madison is full of sound doctrine for North and South, and may even now be read with profit. Samuel Spring was in early years a warm admirer of Burr, and, even after his sad fall as traitor and murderer, used to say that, when *he* knew him, "Aaron was an immaculate creature." Their interview in

old age, at the parsonage in Beekman Street, with Lyman Beecher and Nathaniel Taylor for auditors, must have been full of interest. In his religious belief Samuel Spring was a Hopkinsian of the highest tone and style. Regarding the establishment and diffusion of that system as the greatest blessing that could be conferred on a fallen world, he devoted to it all his energies. For this he became an efficient founder of the Andover School, tying it up with catechisms, creeds, and subscriptions, until he deemed it safely moored for all time against the waves and winds of false doctrine. For our own part, we consider every such attempt to mould and fix the special opinions of posterity to be as wrong in principle and tendency as it is futile in fact. The founders of that institution were good men; they meant well, and actually *did* much better than they *knew*. If there have been (as sometimes alleged) any doctrinal defection in their beloved "Seminary," let us hope that Spring and Morse and Norris and Abbot and Brown and Bartlett are happily ignorant of its existence, or else that, seeing more clearly than of old, they would now gladly strike hands with Professor Park himself.

Young Gardiner, from his own account (though he gives us no details), was a very bad boy. In Berwick Academy, in the town school at home under Gillet and Walsh, and in Northbridge under funny Doctor Crane, he was fitted for college, and entered Yale in 1799. After the loss of a year through ill health, he graduated, in 1805, with valedictorian honors. Having adopted the law as his profession, he entered the office of David Daggett in New Haven, and went earnestly to work. To pay the way, he hired a little money, took the lead of Moses Stuart's church choir, and taught a large singing-school. About the same time he fell in love with Susan Barney. This circumstance may have had something to do with his acceptance of an invitation to go as teacher to the island of Bermuda. Here, at a place called "The Salt Kettle," he found lucrative employment and a pleasant home. But he could not enjoy it alone. So back he hies to New Haven, and persuades Susan to go with him into the "Kettle." Here, amid the geranium-beds and rose-bowers of the "still vexed Bermoothes," they passed a happy year, and would have stayed longer, but war came and threatened to make them its prisoners. They returned, therefore, to New Haven, with fifteen hundred dollars in pocket, and with one little "Porgie," whom they called Samuel. Mr. Spring resumed and completed his course of law-study, and opened a law-office. He began with every omen that cheers the young lawyer. To large ambition and acquisitiveness he added ample talent and untiring industry. Had he continued at the bar, he would have risen to its highest honors and rewards; but he had been trained

to regard the pulpit as having higher claims than any secular calling. Doubts as to his religious fitness for the sacred work had alone kept him back. These, however, were now resolved. Friends high in position and in his esteem urged him to make the change, and he resolved to make it. How he went to work,—how he broke the matter to worldly Susan Barney,—how sweetly Susan took it,—how he spent his short novitiate at Andover, his family staying meanwhile at Salem with rich Mrs. Norris,—his preaching in Marblehead, with reminiscences of good Mrs. William Read and her daughter, Mrs. Ropes,—his calls to the South Parish in Andover and to Park Street Church in Boston, declined because they were not unanimous;—all these things and more may be found in the “*Life and Times.*” He went to New Haven, and was offered a call as successor to Moses Stuart, but said, “No.” Then in New York he preached a single day in the Brick Church, and received a unanimous call. Evidently he came forward at once as a man of promise and power.

The presbytery, after much debate, and not without misgivings, concluded to ordain him. His statement of doctrines was not entirely satisfactory. Still they thought he was a pliable youth, and would come out right in time, even though Stiles Ely, who had known Spring in college, assured them that he was anything *but* pliable. When thus settled, the young man addresses himself with ardor to the great work which is to employ his life. He rises early,—doubles, in his ante-breakfast walk, the forks of the Bowery,—and by or before nine o'clock is buried in the seclusion of his own room. There it was study, study, study. Preparation the most sedulous could alone satisfy his high ideal of ministerial duty. To this end he read, for this he wrote. The better to understand and to defend the truth, he made himself familiar not with orthodox theology alone. The great errorists also received his careful attention. In this class he places Whitby, Locke, Priestley, Adam Clarke, the Unitarian divines of New England, and Dr. Taylor of New Haven. As symbols he cordially adopted the Westminster and Heidelberg Confessions. For expositors he clung to Henry, Scott, Hodge, and Doddridge. His pulpit models were Samuel Davis, Nathaniel Emmons, Edward Griffin, Asahel Nettleton, Edward Payson, John Howe, and Thomas Chalmers. He includes Emmons, not as free from error, but as having “more truth than any writer whose works have fallen under” his “notice.”

Young clergymen will read with interest what this veteran preacher says of the objects which he has kept steadily in view, and of the methods by which he endeavored, not in vain, to secure those objects. In the pulpit his delivery was generally from written notes. Elsewhere

it was his wont to extemporize, that is (as he explains it), to make use of matter already stored up for the purpose. To convert sinners, rather than to comfort saints, has been his predominant aim. He could dwell most easily on alarming themes, inasmuch as these were more consonant with his own experience. He thinks that *good* preaching on subjects that are winning and consoling is not only very rare, but very difficult, and confesses that this fact has sometimes alarmed him. Well it might.

The aged Doctor, listening to the pulpit of our day, perceives signs of declension. He has heard sermons not a few "in which there was no want of instruction." "They were full of solid truths; great pains were taken with metaphor and illustration," to show the preacher's scientific attainments; but the great end, the salvation of the soul, was lost sight of.

Mr. Spring had not been long settled before indications of serious trouble made their appearance in the Presbyterian host. His old chum, Ezra Stiles Ely, had been preparing a shell of explosive matter, and threw it into the midst of the camp. In a book which he called "The Contrast," he professed to show what were the points of difference between the Hopkinsians and the Calvinists. This inflammable missile, which certainly made a good deal of noise, was aimed especially at the young pastor of the Brick Church. There was a general sense of danger, a wide-spread feeling of alarm. To a majority, probably, of his ministerial brothers, the new-fangled doctrine from New England was an abomination and a terror. To "The Contrast" Mr. Spring made no reply. He regarded it as a perverted, one-sided statement, "utterly destitute of candor and honesty." Having never adopted the peculiarities of Hopkinsianism, he felt under no obligation to defend them. So he left it for others to dispute and to discuss, and for a while the war raged. Of this conflict, which excited so wide an interest at the time, the Doctor gives no details. How could he leave unmentioned the far-famed "Triangle" of his friend Whelpley? Meanwhile, as he informs us, he went on with his own work, — preaching more plainly, pointedly, and pungently than ever. This stirred up opposition; but he persevered, and felt that his action had received the highest possible sanction when multitudes were awakened and converted under his ministry.

Dr. Spring dwells with special delight on the different seasons of refreshing which his church and congregation enjoyed. To those revivals he ascribes all the prosperity of the Brick Church, — all his own power and success as a preacher. These were the sheet-anchors which moored and held him fast, and but for which he would have been moving from place to place, a poor, "*sticket*" minister."

In 1827, Dr. Spring was on board the Oliver Ellsworth when an explosion caused the death of his friend Stephen Lockwood. The circumstances were remarkable, and the Reverend Doctor might well regard his own escape as "a mysterious providence." When the cholera first appeared in New York, in the summer of 1831, the Doctor nobly resolved to stay with and to stand by his flock. He kept his family with him, saw much of the grim visitant, and, though constantly exposed, passed the terrible ordeal unharmed.

Dr. Spring has visited Europe more than once. His first trip, in 1822, was very brief. He saw a little of London, a little of Paris, and seems to have been disgusted, rather than delighted. In 1835, he went again, and this time as a delegate from the American Presbyterians to the English Congregationalists. He was also empowered to carry greetings from the American Bible Society to its sisters in London and Paris. Thus accredited, he determined to address the French Society in the French tongue. He knew nothing of the language, and he had but three months for the acquisition. To most men at his age such a task would have presented insuperable difficulties. He put himself under tuition, and at the end of the quarter could read, write, and speak the language with ease and correctness. When the time came, he addressed in French a Parisian audience, "without mistake and without embarrassment"! We shall not follow the Doctor over the customary and familiar route of European travel. We cannot, however, leave unnoticed the following statement of an incident at Rouen in France:—

"A little circumstance occurred here that was somewhat amusing. Mr. Van Rensselaer, in order to procure some relic of the place, instead of gathering some flowers, broke off the *nose* of one of the marble saints! He hoped to escape the detection of the guide, but unfortunately, on leaving the Cathedral, we had to pass the mutilated statue, and were charged with the sacrilege. It was a lady saint whose sanctity our gallantry had thus violated, and we had to meet the most terrific volleys of abuse. A few glittering coins, however, obtained absolution for us, but neither entreaty nor cash could procure *the nose*."

There is some difference between that grand old edifice which has stood for centuries on the banks of the Seine, and the trim box on Murray Hill known as the Brick Church, with its Fifth Avenue adornments, painting, gilding, and upholstery. If in either structure a visitor could forget that respect which should always be accorded to places consecrated to God and dear to his worshippers, such indecency would certainly appear less strange in the latter than in the former. Let us suppose (though it is hardly supposable) that a party of French people, happening to be in New York, are led by curiosity to look at

the Doctor's nice church; and, wishing to carry away some memento of the place, pocket a hymn-book, or sever a few tassels from the cushioned pulpit, or slyly detach from a Corinthian capital one of its acanthus-leaves. Will the Reverend Doctor tell us in what point of propriety or morality the *supposed* transaction differs from the *actual* transaction? In such a case would he not have felt insulted by the proffer of a "few glittering coins" as satisfaction for the sacrilegious larceny? Would he have seen anything *amusing* in such an incident? No right-thinking person can have any other opinion of Mr. Van Rensselaer's conduct than that it was ungrateful, barbarous, dishonest, and disgraceful. And must we not regard his clerical companion, who acquiesced in the attempt, and who now relates it as a funny affair, and without a disapproving word, as being clearly *particeps criminis*?

In the uniform, uninterrupted course of his life and ministry, for many years past, the venerable reminiscents find very little of actual event, or of variety, to insert in his memoir. He has been connected with many religious and benevolent associations, and has, no doubt, done his part as founder or associate to make them effective and useful. But while his labors in this line are entitled to a distinct mention in a record of his life, the long and minute accounts which he has given of those societies and their doings are quite out of place. Ten pages would have been enough, and we have more than a hundred.

In that famous contest of doctrine and polity which finally rent the Presbyterian Church in twain, Dr. Spring adhered to the Old School side. And yet the Rescinding Acts, which were the immediate cause of the separation, did not receive his approval. While we could not expect a man of the Doctor's faith to join the New School body, we are glad to perceive that he feels kindly toward them.

He gives us two chapters on the Southern Rebellion. On this great theme the Doctor's utterances are sound and patriotic. During the uneasy years which preceded the grand outbreak, Dr. Spring had been known as a stanch conservative. By reformers of the radical type he was often denounced as timid, timeserving, and pro-slavery, — how undeservedly the result showed when at last the true test and trial came.

Of matters merely personal, little more remains to be gathered from these pages. A few years since, the Doctor became blind, or nearly so; but though obliged to give up his written notes, he did not stop preaching. From this affliction he was relieved by a surgical operation. In 1856, the Brick Church on Beekman Street, or rather its ground-lease, was sold for a large sum, and the society proceeded to erect their present edifice on Murray Hill. In 1860, this society com-

memorated with special ceremonial the fiftieth anniversary of the Doctor's pastorate. It took a volume of three hundred pages to give the doings and sayings of that occasion. Two months before this celebration, Dr. Spring lost his wife. Of this woman — his early love, and the mother of his fifteen children — he has a good deal to say. She must have been a pleasing person ; but not quite equal, perhaps, to Lyman Beecher's naive and charming Roxana, though well suited, we imagine, to the grave and dignified pastor of the Brick Church. The good Doctor mourned for her very much, and married again as soon as the year was out. The curious public will be pleased to know that the present Mrs. Spring has an ample property in her own right, and that she regularly pays her part of the butcher's and grocer's bills.

Among other peculiarities of the memoir before us, its author has introduced extracts from his private journal. So far as these are a statement of daily occurrences, or comments on those occurrences, it is all well enough. But is it not something new for a man to put in print those entries of emotional and inner experience which he is supposed to make solely for his own edification? Records of this sort have, indeed, often been published after the death of the person who made them. But to such publication it is, not without reason, objected, that diaries of this sort have little interest or value unless we can believe them to have been perfectly honest confessions, penned in the assurance that no eye but the writer's would ever rest on them. If the idea that a man, when recording what he has breathed rather than uttered in the sacred confessional of his soul, has been influenced ever so little by an expectation that it may be read when he shall have passed away, — if this suspicion is sufficient to vitiate it as a perfectly truthful, honest utterance, — what shall be said of him who, while yet alive, parades *his* confessions before the whole world? Verily, that "co-presbyter," who advised our venerable Doctor to put his entire diary into the "Life and Times" must be a very weak brother or a very wicked wag.

Dr. Spring has no patience with the "New Haven theology." Indeed, we have already seen that he places Nathaniel Taylor among the great heresiarchs, writing his name in the same list with Whitby and Priestley and Channing. He devotes an entire chapter to the exposure and denunciation of this dangerous heresy, giving us (into the bargain) a long letter from one Henry Sewall, whom he calls a profound theologian, but whose claim to that high praise must rest on other ground than this epistle. The men who are thus assailed count in clergymen by hundreds and in laymen by thousands. In ability and in standing not a few among them may safely be compared with

the learned pastor of the Brick Church. If *they* make no effort to repel the assault, we shall infer that they regard it as harmless.

"Sic fatus senior, telumque imbellis sine ictu
Conjecit."

The great lessons of charity, and mutual respect, and mutual forbearance, how slow and hard to be learned! At the age of thirty, Gardiner Spring, a man of fine abilities and accomplishments, a man of piety and promise, goes down from New Haven to New York, and becomes the pastor of a large and influential society. He is fresh from the teachings of Dwight, Stuart, and Woods, and doubtless represents the New Haven theology of that day. At first, everything seems smooth and fair. But it is not long before the orthodoxy of the young minister begins to be doubted. He is suspected of having some Yankee notions. Suspicion once begun soon ripens to belief, and then the storm-cloud of ignorance and bigotry breaks and roars and rattles round the head of the innocent yet undismayed intruder. Those good Presbyterians, those reverend doctors, thought they were right, — they had not a doubt of it; they verily believed that they would be doing good service to religion and humanity, if they should put down or drive out the pestilent New England heresy. How small and narrow, how blind and ignorant, how uncharitable and unkind, those men then seemed to him whom they thus attacked and abused! And now, at the ripe age of fourscore, when drawing near the close of an unusually long and prosperous career, the Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring — But enough, it is quite unnecessary to complete the parallel or to apply the lesson.

We should do the Doctor an injustice should we make no mention of him as an author. His published works amount to twenty-two good-sized volumes, and the profits from their sale have undoubtedly been considerable; but neither as a preacher nor as a writer of books can he be considered a brilliant or very profound or highly interesting man.

4. — *Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia* (1862-63). By WILLIAM GIFFORD PALGRAVE. Second Edition. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1865. 2 vols. 8vo.

THERE is scarcely any part of the globe of which so little is generally known as Arabia; and there is no other part of the world concerning which there is so much misconception. This is due chiefly to the extreme isolation of the Arabian peninsula, especially the central portion of it, which is much greater now than it was in very ancient times,